Man Who Whipped George Dewey

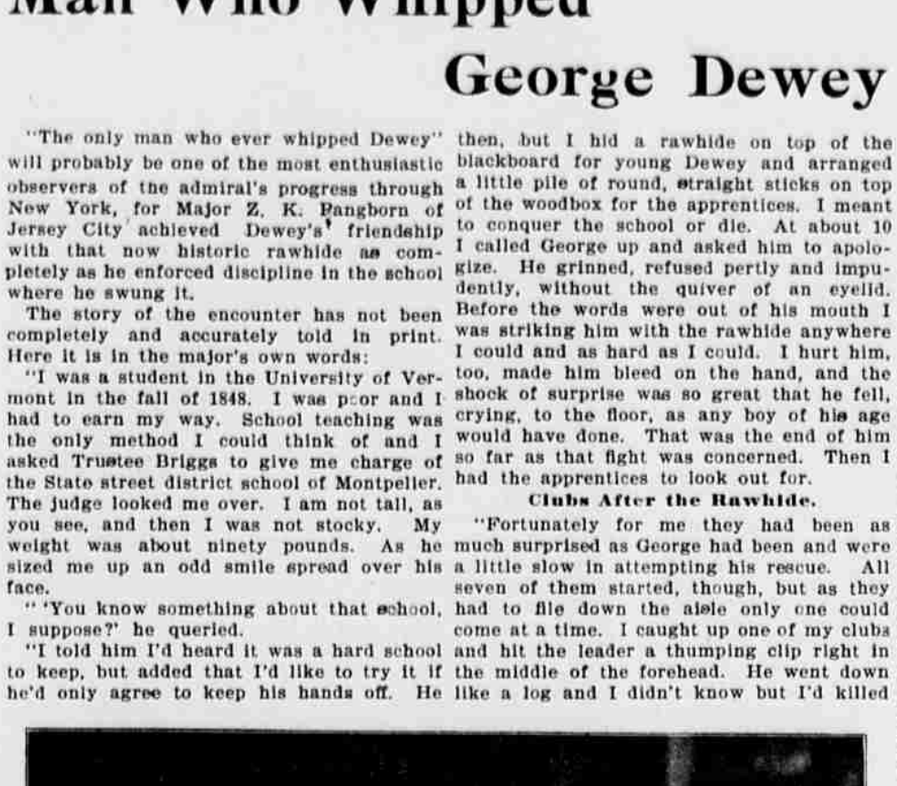
"The only man who ever whipped Dewey" will probably be one of the most enthusiastic observers of the admiral's progress through New York, for Major Z. K. Pangborn of Jersey City achieved Dewey's friendship with that now historic rawhide as completely as he enforced discipline in the school where he swung it.

The story of the encounter has not been completely and accurately told in print. Here it is in the major's own words:

"I was a student in the University of Vermont in the fall of 1848. I was poor and I had to earn my way. School teaching was the only method I could think of and I asked Trustee Briggs to give me charge of the State street district school of Montpelier. The judge looked me over. I am not tall, as you see, and then I was not stocky. My weight was about ninety pounds. As he sized me up an odd smile spread over his face.

"'You know something about that school, I suppose?' he queried.

"I told him I'd heard it was a hard school to keep, but added that I'd like to try it if he'd only agree to keep his hands off. He reminded me that two teachers had been thrown out of the school house the previous winter, but when I said I believed I could whip the whole school if I had to, and wouldn't hesitate to try, anyway, he said he'd send for Trustee Spalding. He came in soon and asked my terms. I put the price at about double the usual figure. That turned the decision my way and I was hired then and there.



MAJOR PANGBORN, WHO LASHED DEWEY INTO SUBMISSION WHEN DEWEY WAS A SCHOOLBOY.

Eighty Boys and All Bad.

"There were about eighty pupils in the school, and there were seven full grown young men among them. They were apprentices under the old-time system and entitled by law to three months' schooling every winter. It was the apprentices who made the trouble mostly. It was their plan every winter to get one or more of the younger boys into trouble with the teacher and when the latter attempted to chastise the culprit to rush to his rescue. I understood this and I also learned that they had selected young George Dewey, then 13, to be the scapegoat. George was one of the brightest boys in the school, but inclined to be wild. His father, Dr. Dewey, had been a classmate in the medical school of my father's, who was a doctor also, and had told me he'd object to nothing I might do to George if I'd only make him behave.

"There was no trouble the first week, but the fun began in earnest immediately after the afternoon recess of the second Monday. George Dewey did not return to the school room when I rang the bell and I sent his seatmate for him. Dewey sent word in that he wouldn't come; furthermore, and in exact terms, that I might "go to the devil." I said nothing then. After school was dismissed for the day young Dewey, who had climbed into the belfry of the state house close by, threw snowballs at the smaller children and I ordered him to stop. Again, and profanely, he refused to obey.

"Next morning I was prepared for a fight. I knew I'd have more than George to deal with—that he was only a stalking horse—and that it was the apprentices I must conquer. I'd never displayed either ruler or whip in the school room and I didn't begin then, but I hid a rawhide on top of the blackboard for young Dewey and arranged a little pile of round, straight sticks on top of the woodbox for the apprentices. I meant to conquer the school or die. At about 10 I called George up and asked him to apologize. He grinned, refused pertly and impudently, without the quiver of an eyelid. Before the words were out of his mouth I was striking him with the rawhide anywhere I could and as hard as I could. I hurt him, too, made him bleed on the hand, and the shock of surprise was so great that he fell, crying, to the floor, as any boy of his age would have done. That was the end of him so far as that fight was concerned. Then I had the apprentices to look out for.

Clubs After the Rawhide.

"Fortunately for me they had been as much surprised as George had been and were a little slow in attempting his rescue. All seven of them started, though, but as they had to file down the aisle only one could come at a time. I caught up one of my clubs and hit the leader a thumping clip right in the middle of the forehead. He went down like a log and I didn't know but I'd killed the chap. I ordered the others to sit down, and they sat. I remember very well how one of them, a big, strapping chap, nearly once and a half as big as I, brought a clenched fist into the open palm of his other hand and gasped out, 'God a'mighty!' as he dropped into his seat.

"I dressed the hurts of the wounded as well as I could, sent the apprentice home and kept Dewey with me until school was over for the day. The apprentice was abed for some weeks and his relatives talked about having me arrested, but they couldn't compass it. I had no more trouble, of course, and Dewey was one of the best boys after that in the whole school.

"Two or three years later, when I was principal of the La Moille academy at Johnson, Vt., George Dewey came into the schol room one day smiling.

"'I've always claimed I'd lick you as soon as I got big enough,' he said, 'but I haven't come to do that now. I've come to go to school to you some more. You see, father wants me to go to college and I've promised to prepare for Norwich university if I could be with you. May I come?'

Almost Missed Annapolis.

"I was pleased, of course, and took him in. He went in the same classes with my brother, who was one of my pupils, and, as he had to board somewhere, we took him to our boarding house and he roomed with my brother and ate at our table for a year or two. I taught him the beginnings of algebra and geometry and Latin and I never had a brighter, pleasanter pupil. Even then, however, he wanted to enter the navy and would never have gone to Norwich at all had not his stepmother been opposed to a naval career for him. After he had been in college a while he carried his point and was examined for Annapolis, but, as you have probably heard, he got in by the merest chance.

"You see, there were two applicants for the vacancy, George and a young man named Spalding. The examination was competitive and Spalding won. Fortunately for George, but not for the Spaniards, Spalding's folks would not allow him to go to Annapolis even after he'd passed the examination, and that's how Dewey secured his chance to be a naval man."

So Major Pangborn probably had as much to do with forming the character of George Dewey as any one except the boy's parents. Their feeling for each other may have grown out of the fact that both were fighters. It may have been a fellow feeling.

Pangborn a Big Man Himself.

For years Major Pangborn has been not only an important figure in New Jersey, but a man whose name has counted in national affairs.

As I have said, after Dewey's threshing he and his teacher became friends of exceeding intimacy. The boy regarded the man with the closest affection, as well as the most profound respect, while the man held the boy in high esteem, as one likely to make his mark in the world some day. Two or three years after the whipping episode it was under Pangborn's influence that the boy concluded to obey his father's wish and go to college, and it was under Pangborn's personal supervision that the future admiral made most of his preparations for the college course.

But, entirely aside from his early relations with Admiral Dewey, Major Pangborn is entitled to genuine distinction, for his life has been one of constant action and real achievement and for nearly half a century he has been one of the potential figures in the drama of national life; has known nearly everyone worth knowing in this country and has been present on many of the most thrilling occasions in recent American history.

The Major Pangborn of today is a stocky little man, with full beard and mustache, which are nearly white. He is beginning to be bald. His face indicates pugnacity, tempered with courtesy, and cleverness, fortified with thoughtfulness. For a man of his age—he was 70 July 31 of this year—he is exceedingly sturdy and robust and though he retired from active life four years ago is still capable of doing more work than many a man full twenty years his junior. In dress he is neat and unobtrusive in the main, though his attire has one peculiar feature—he always wears a soft hat. To this rule there is positively no exception, no matter what the occasion, though he varies the style of his headgear as much as he could were he to wear a crush hat with his evening clothes, a high silk with his Prince Albert or a derby with his sack or cutaway.

As a Stump Speaker.

The major's prowess as a stump speaker is known throughoutt he greater part of the United States; in New Jersey he is preeminent because of his ability as an after-dinner speaker. This is so much the case that the list of talking guests at no banquet given within easy radius of his home at Bayonne is thought complete without his name. Moreover, he is a guest at many big feasts in New York and his reputation is that of a man who never tells the same story a second time. He is especially felicitous whenever called upon to toast "The Ladies," and in consequence is believed to have made more post-prandial addresses on that inspiring topic than any other man in the United States.

The major settled in New Jersey at the age of 36, soon after the close of the civil war, through which he served as paymaster and from which circumstance he gets his military title. He took the editorship of the Jersey City Times in 1865, leaving that paper in 1867 to help start the Evening Journal, of which paper he was editor continuously till 1894, when he sold out to the son of the late William Walter Phelps, its present editor and publisher.

Pangborn has been best known as a stump speaker, always on the republican side, since the formation of the republican party in 1856. Professionally he has been a journalist of the class to which Greeley and Dana and Thurlow Weed belonged, in that he always gave most of his thought and energies to politics. His earliest journalistic work was done as a sub-editor in Albany, under John G. Saxe, the poet. Later he edited papers successively in Montpelier, Vt., Worcester, Mass., and Boston. At the latter city he was in charge of The Atlas and Bee, holding a contract with its publishers which made him absolute master of its editorial columns.

Language of the Boers

The language of the Boers of South Africa is grammatically the language of the people of Holland. They speak Dutch, as their forefathers in Holland spoke it and speak it now. They are called Boers because that is a Dutch word which describes them. It means a farmer, and agriculture is the main pursuit of the peace-loving compatriots of Oom Paul. A knowledge of Dutch would supply an explanation of the odd-looking words that are used now and then in the news reports from the sturdy little republic. It would also enable one to pronounce these words as they should be enunciated.

Dutch diphthongs are not given the same sounds as their equivalent in English. The double "o" for instance in Dutch has the same sound as "o" in Rome, while the diphthong "oe" is pronounced by the Dutch as we pronounce "oo" in boot. The English pronunciation of these two diphthongs is the reverse of that given them by those who speak Dutch. And "ou" has the sound of "ow" in owl. The sound of "ui" is nearly like that of the English "oy" in boy. The Dutch double "aa" is the same as the English "a" in war. As there is no "y" in Dutch its place it taken by "ij," which is sounded as "y" in defy.

If one, therefore, would pronounce Oom Paul properly he would say it as if it were spelled "Ome Powl." The family name of General Joubert would for the same reason be pronounced as if it were spelled "Yowbert." The word Boer is pronounced by the Afrikander as if it were of two syllables; the first long and the second short, thus: "Boo-er." The plural is not "Boers." It is "Boeren" and it is pronounced "Boo-er-eh," because the final "n" is slurred.

Here are some of the Dutch words that are oftenest in print in connection with the news of the Transvaal and their pronunciation and meaning:

Bloemfontein (bloom-fon-tine) ..... Flower fountain
Boer (boo-er) .....Farmer
Buitenlander (boy-ten-lont-er)....Foreigner
Burgher (buhr-ker) .....Citizen
Burgerregt (buhr-ker-rekt) .....Citizenship
Burgerwacht (buhr-ker-vokt) .....Citizen soldiery
Jonkherr (yunk-hare) .....
....Member of the Volksraad; gentleman
Oom (ome) .....Uncle
Raad (rahd) .....Senate
Raadheer (rahds-hare) .....Senator
Raadhuis (rahd-hoys) .....Senate house
Rand (rahnt) .....Margin; edge
Staat (staht) .....State
Staatkunde (staht-kuhn-de) .....Politics
Staatsraad (stahts-rahd) ..Council of State
Stad (stot) .....City
Stemmer (stemmer) .....Voter; elector
Transvaal (trons-fahl) .....Circular valley
Trek (treck) .....Draught; journey
Trekken (treck-eh) .....To draw; to travel
Trekpaard (treckpahrd) .....Draft horse
Uit (oyt) .....Out; out of
Uitlander (oyt-lont-er) .....Foreigner
Vaal (fahl) .....Valley
Vaderlandshefde (fah-ter-lonts-leef-te)
.....Love of one's country; patriotism
Veld (felt) .....Field; open lands
Veldheer (felt-hare) ..General; commandant
Ve dwachter (felt-vock-ter) ....Rural guard
Volksraad (fulks-rahd) .....
.....Lower House of Congress
Voorregt (fore-rekt) ....Franchise; privilege
Vreemdeling (frame-da-ling) .....Stranger
Witwatersrand (vit-vot-ters-ront) .....
.. ..Margin of the white water

Pretoria, the capital of the South African republic, is named in honor of its first president, Pretorius, who led the Dutch in the great trek, or journey, out of Cape Colony sixty years ago and into the Transvaal to escape the dominion of England. Johannesburg is easily translated into English as Johnstown. The term "Afrikander" is used to designate the Dutch from the other white people of South Africa.

Woman's Ostrich Farm

A wealthy Kentucky woman is adding greatly to her fortune in the far west. She is Mrs. M. R. Haff, widow of the late Colonel Haff of the famous Anderson county distillery firm of Day & Haff.

Mrs. Haff is the owner of a big ostrich farm at Phoenix, Ariz., and is at the head of the Arizona Ostrich company, a corporation formed about two years ago.

She went west about three years ago, accompanied by her nephew. She visited numerous ostrich farms and concluded that she, with the assistance of her nephew, would engage in ostrich raising. Mrs. Haff purchased forty acres of land near Phoenix, fenced it in and stocked it with the best ostriches she could buy. Today she owns 156 birds, which are valued at between $100 and $150 apiece. She says that she has just got a good start and would not part with a single one of the ostriches for any amount of money.

"It is not my policy," said Mrs. Haff, "to sell any birds. I shall only sell the feathers. I find ready sale for all the wing and tail feathers we pluck. I sell largely to New York and Philadelphia firms. There is always a big demand for the feathers and they sell for from $15 to $25 a pound. The feathers are plucked every eight months. The ostriches live exclusively off alfalfa, which is not unlike Kentucky clover. There are five crops of alfalfa every year in Arizona. It is cured just like hay and is then fed to the birds. Ostriches are great drinkers and the water now on my farm is pumped from a point about 200 miles distant. The birds are not dangerous until they get to be about 3 years old. Then they become rather vicious and I should not like to enter an inclosure inhabited by them. The young birds are harmless and like to be petted. A peculiar thing about ostriches is that they always attack singly. There is no concert of action in the birds. The plumage of the male bird is the most valuable."

Colonial America at the Omaha Exposition

THE CUBANS AND PORTO RICANS.

THE FILIPINOS.

THE HAWAIIANS.